

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1862.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square is Twelve lines of this size type—equal to about 100 words of manuscript.

	1 Square	2 Squares	3 Squares	4 Squares	5 Squares	6 Squares	7 Squares	8 Squares	9 Squares	10 Squares	11 Squares	12 Squares	13 Squares	14 Squares	15 Squares	16 Squares	17 Squares	18 Squares	19 Squares	20 Squares	21 Squares	22 Squares	23 Squares	24 Squares	25 Squares	26 Squares	27 Squares	28 Squares	29 Squares	30 Squares	31 Squares	32 Squares	33 Squares	34 Squares	35 Squares	36 Squares	37 Squares	38 Squares	39 Squares	40 Squares	41 Squares	42 Squares	43 Squares	44 Squares	45 Squares	46 Squares	47 Squares	48 Squares	49 Squares	50 Squares	51 Squares	52 Squares	53 Squares	54 Squares	55 Squares	56 Squares	57 Squares	58 Squares	59 Squares	60 Squares	61 Squares	62 Squares	63 Squares	64 Squares	65 Squares	66 Squares	67 Squares	68 Squares	69 Squares	70 Squares	71 Squares	72 Squares	73 Squares	74 Squares	75 Squares	76 Squares	77 Squares	78 Squares	79 Squares	80 Squares	81 Squares	82 Squares	83 Squares	84 Squares	85 Squares	86 Squares	87 Squares	88 Squares	89 Squares	90 Squares	91 Squares	92 Squares	93 Squares	94 Squares	95 Squares	96 Squares	97 Squares	98 Squares	99 Squares	100 Squares
1 Insertion	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$9.00	\$10.00	\$11.00	\$12.00	\$13.00	\$14.00	\$15.00	\$16.00	\$17.00	\$18.00	\$19.00	\$20.00	\$21.00	\$22.00	\$23.00	\$24.00	\$25.00	\$26.00	\$27.00	\$28.00	\$29.00	\$30.00	\$31.00	\$32.00	\$33.00	\$34.00	\$35.00	\$36.00	\$37.00	\$38.00	\$39.00	\$40.00	\$41.00	\$42.00	\$43.00	\$44.00	\$45.00	\$46.00	\$47.00	\$48.00	\$49.00	\$50.00	\$51.00	\$52.00	\$53.00	\$54.00	\$55.00	\$56.00	\$57.00	\$58.00	\$59.00	\$60.00	\$61.00	\$62.00	\$63.00	\$64.00	\$65.00	\$66.00	\$67.00	\$68.00	\$69.00	\$70.00	\$71.00	\$72.00	\$73.00	\$74.00	\$75.00	\$76.00	\$77.00	\$78.00	\$79.00	\$80.00	\$81.00	\$82.00	\$83.00	\$84.00	\$85.00	\$86.00	\$87.00	\$88.00	\$89.00	\$90.00	\$91.00	\$92.00	\$93.00	\$94.00	\$95.00	\$96.00	\$97.00	\$98.00	\$99.00	\$100.00

THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - JUNE 19, 1862.

Are these not truly beautiful lines—a vivid portrayal of heart feelings—touching tender and sweet—teeming with thought that come home to the heart?—Ed.

A MEMORY!

"I took an old volume up to-night,
A book long laid aside, within whose leaves
For many a weary year I had not looked;
And, as I turned them over one by one,
There met mine eye, that knew their meaning well,

Some mite memorial of the days gone by:
A withered leaf or flower, or pencil mark
Fanned in my youth by yonder breeze by a fair hand
That now, alas! in ashes, and whose clasp
May never more responsive meet mine own,
Save when in dreams, or in my musing hours
I deem I am not all forgotten by
Those friendships of the past, and stretch my hand

Involuntary, as it might grasp
The leaf the old time, a fair, soft palm
And take it to my longing lips, and press
A love kiss on it.

That same hand had plucked
And given to me those flowers and withered leaves.
And I had placed them in that book, that I
Might look upon them often, and recall
Her words and the soft tell-tale blush that stole
To her fair cheek, and the bent lashes over
Her bounding eyes, so full of love for me.
As from her hand I took the proffered gift,
And read its fragrant scroll.

Oh, olden toilet!
Full many an hour in those bright, happy days
Have we bent over thy page, while her fair curls
Mingled with my dark locks, and one soft hand
Clasped mine; her low, sweet voice the while
Falling
Upon mine ear like music notes, as though
The passing hours she read me stopping
To say "How sweet!" to some quaint fancy of
The bard, or asking for my voice to read
The deep and stirring passages.

For she
Was quiet and retiring, and life's stern
Tumultuous ways, and the broad glare of Fame's
High noon—the ray held no affinity
With her pure gentle spirit. "Twas her joy
To stray through flowery meads, and by the brook
Listening to song of birds, and the cool splash
Of waters." Nature in her sunny mood,
And the calm quiet of her twilight hours
And early-evening stars, was her great joy.

A little while, she staid to guide
My wayward steps, by gentle ministries
And words of love to call my better nature
Into action. Then, her spirit took its
Flight, leaving a shadow on the green earth.
And in its flowery meads, the blue sky and its
Even stars, the brook and the cool splash
Of waters. Al! nature seemed to wear a shade of
Gloom. Even the birds sang not so sweetly
As their wont, but trilled their lays with a sad
Dirge-like cadence.

And
To-night—and read these mutely eloquent
Remembrances, my eyes will dim with tears,
And a vain longing for the days gone by
Come to my heart with a sharp pang.

And yet
I would not wish her back, but breathe a prayer
Of content thank that on a little while
The sunlight of her gentle love, illum'd
My pathway. And though shadows dard on
"round
My trust shall lead beyond, knowing in heaven
She liveth ever more, whose earthly life
So short, seemed a sweet benediction to its close—
Blessing me ever."

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—But were lo-
quently says: "I can not believe that earth
is man's abiding place. It can't be that our
life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to
float at a moment upon its waves and then sink
into nothingness! Else, why is it that the
glorious aspirations, which leap like angels
from the temple of our heart, are forever
wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it
that the rain-bow and clouds come over with
a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass
off and leave us to muse upon their favored
loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who
hold their festal joy around the midnight
throne, are set above the grasp of our limited
faculties, forever mocking us with their
unapproachable glory? And, finally, why
is it that bright forms of human beauty are
presented to our view, and then taken from
us, leaving the thousand streams of our af-
fections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon
our hearts? We are born for a higher des-
tiny than that of earth; there is a realm
where the rainbow never fades—where the
stars will be spread before us like islands
that slumber on the ocean—and where the
beings that pass before us like shadows will
stay in our presence forever."

BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—It is often the
case that men come into our office and in-
quire for the papers published in some par-
ticular place, saying they would like to find
somebody's advertisement. They sit down
and look the papers over, and it is often the
case that they are unable to find the desired
information. Not long since, says a Utica
paper, a gentleman was looking for the
name and address of an Albany firm to
be sent a desired to make a consignment,
but not finding it in the Albany papers, he
made the remark that he would ship to a
firm that did advertise, although not liking
their reputation. This is one of many in-
stances, and proves conclusively that busi-
ness men should advertise, if it is nothing
more than their business cards.

Though men boast of holding the reins,
The women generally tell them which way
they must drive.

THE FRENCH WIDOW.

Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging-letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the Great Exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up at the doors of the houses in the fashionable and central neighborhoods of the French capital, might be seen bills with "Joli appartement meublé à louer présentement;" and, many a family, many a widow, migrated to some distant outskirts, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs; while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble locality, within or without the walls.

In letting, there was no distinction of cautious made; the terms were the same for one and all; for the native compatriot, as well as the Millard Anglaise; for the German baron, as well as the Russian boyard, the Polish count, the dollar laden American; for everybody, in short, who would pay: that was the condition.

Madame de Y—, a young and hand-
some widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the first of April of that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself, among the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for the lodge-keeper of the house in which she resided in the Chaussee d'Antin, and ordered him to nail up the universal bill.

"What's that?" he asked.
"That running up and down I shall have of it!" exclaimed, with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance, for he, also, hoped to reap a good harvest from the new comers.

"Nimpoire, Andre," continued the charming young widow; "let my apartment for three thousand francs, and you shall have your commission of five per cent, if to a bachelor or widower; four per cent, if to a married couple, without any infantine imbursements; and three per cent, if to a family; and here are five francs, to drink my health."

"Alas! alas!" groaned Andre, as he pocketed the silver-piece, and promised, in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best. That evening, the widow, accompanied by her femme de chambre, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay-aux-Rosiers, outside the Barriers d'Enfer, and contiguous to the pretty Bois de Meudon, where she raved in the full enjoyment of her independent widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the 2nd of August following Madame de Y— returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the porter, was vacated and ready for her.

"Madame," said Andre, "the gentleman has not yet gone."
"What gentleman, Andre?"
"The lodger, Madame—Monsieur de R—, a provincial gentleman, very hands-
some. Yet it is not my fault. For I in-
formed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me it was all right—it was his affair and he would square all matters with Madame."

"Go and inform him, Andre, that I have returned, and want my apartment immedi-
ately."

"Useless, Madame—completely useless; he's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't listen to me; 'tis with you alone he wishes to confer."

"Be it so, Andre; go before, and announce me."

Madame de Y— was received most graciously and politely by the occupant, who then addressed her.
"You cannot conceive, Madame, how comfortably I find myself in this your pretty apartment, and how much I desire to spend in it the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital, and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me so to do; whatever be your terms, I accept them beforehand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat sur-
prised, that she had no terms to propose; that she wanted her apartment, and must have it. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to keep it, even if it were necessary to stand a regular siege. Madame de Y— endeavored, as gently as possible, to make him understand the improprie-
ty of his conduct; but all to no avail, for the localite pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence and wit. The debate became warmer and warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady gaining ground; while Andre slipped away to his lodge, informing his better half that the storm is gathering above.

At last, after much speculating on both sides, the gentleman, breaking the pause of apparently deep reflection, spoke again.
"Well, Madame," said he, "there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence, without ousting me."
"What is your meaning, sir?" demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

"My meaning is this, Madame: my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B—. I be-
long to an old and honorable family—I am a bachelor, and 32 years of age. My estates are worth fifty thousand francs a year; but this I mention merely out of respect to the laws of business; and despite the originality and queerness of my conduct, which may perhaps have offended you, I am considered a very good natured person; and, upon the whole, I flatter myself I am a man fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you, therefore, do the honor of accepting my heart, my hand, and my fortune?"

To this sudden proposal Madame de Y— replied with dignity: Your just is not in very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it.

"Serious, most serious, Madame, I am in-
deed—and beg you to believe it."
"What, sir, you propose marriage merely that you may not have to give up my apart-
ment?"

"A little upon that account, Madame, but still more because of more overpowering reasons; for, among the many considerations I have had the honor of laying before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me now to confess it—I love you."

At this avowal, Madame de Y— blush-

ed to the eyes—what lady young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowal came from a young, handsome, and wealthy man? However, she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor.

"You are laughing, Madame, and how-
ever?"

"Your folly provokes my laughter, Mon-
sieur Barot; I really cannot help it."
"Nevertheless, Madame, I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of as much of it as remains, subdued as it is by intense passion."

"What, sir, intense passion at the first sight?"

"You forget, Madame, that I have now been living three long months in your apart-
ment, and that your portrait, which I now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first ob-
ject which caught my attention on entering, and I have looked at it and admired it every day since. Nor was I captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merit in every way, your many superior qualities, and your irreproachable character. A man however so little versed he may be in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartment without noticing and studying many things disclosing her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute, and perhaps an indiscreet observer, Madame, and what I have discovered, has captivated my heart for ever; that heart I offer you again, and humbly await your answer to know my fate."

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in the baron's language; it was the resolve of a man who had made up his mind, and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit, the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him, in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave, and intimating to him, at the same time, that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again.

"Very well, Madame," he withdrew, and will not return till you invite me to do so; the answer to which parting words was a saucy smile and a toss of the head, which evident-
ly meant, "You have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invita-
tion."

However, at the end of a few days the in-
vitation was sent, and Baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of, sir?" said Madame de Y— to him as he seated him-
self in an arm chair right opposite to her.

"During my absence, you brought up long pending lawsuit to an amicable arrange-
ment."
"Why, yes, Madame; but you must be neither pleased nor displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own in-
terest."

"How so, if you please, Baron?"
"The fact is, the lawyers' clerks were call-
ing here with their papers every day; and, owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an aversion to every-
thing of the law," as our allies, seigneurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his threatened action, and have made over to me what he called his rights. It is, therefore, an affair between him and me. But rest assured, Madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your lawsuit is forever quashed; and where on the baron looked the widow steadfastly but respectfully in the face, and gave no further explanation.

Madame de Y— was somewhat con-
fused, but in spite of herself she was con-
tinually forced to think of her extent. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry, pen-
cilling, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, etc., written in her albums and in scrap-books. All these gallant attentions seemed most charming to her, while they piqued her curiosity; and where that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now, it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family to whom Madame de Y— was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said, would keep her and hers forever.

"You were absent, my too generous bene-
factress, but I had the honor of meeting her with your husband."

"My husband?" exclaimed the widow.
Ah, Madame, what an excellent, what a kind hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are suited, for you surely must be a married woman. I told him everything, and how kind, how Providence like you were to me. He seems to love you much, and how could that otherwise be? 'Good women,' says your husband to me, Madame, 'your benefactress is absent for the time being; but ere she went, she left this with me for you; and thereon he put into my hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, Madame. I was loath to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, although God knows you have already done much for me and mine—fatherless children—Ah, dear Madame, how happy you must be, with such a husband! But isn't only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May heaven bless and preserve you both years and years to come!"

"Strange, strange, passing strange, thought the widow. 'Satisfied my tedious lawsuit—provided for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of himself everywhere around me! But men are such queer char-
acters, such originals nowadays! She re-
solved, however not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her proteges, fearful lest she might betray her sensibility, at so noble an action. But another circum-
stance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows:—A young coxcomb, Leopold de R—, imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y—, because, living in

the house opposite to hers, he had chanced now and then to see her at her balcony be-
fore missing her all on a sudden at her de-
parture from apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a letter, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written his note, he wrapped it up in a small paper parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room.—He took it up and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:

"Cherme amie, for weeks and weeks have I admired you from my window-seat opposite. O how superlative happy should I be, were you to do me the honor of ad-
mitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself, and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call, ask for admission, and learn my fate. Till then, minutes will glide away like years for impatient heart. Farewell till then, the goddess of my adoration."

LEOPOLD."

He came, and the door was opened to him by Baron in person.

"Is Madame de Y— at home?"

"She is not at home for you."

"And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?"

"Me thinks that right is very evident."

"And you are here in her apartment?"

"True; but for the time being it is mine."

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice-woods of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y— had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?" said the widow, in tremulous and reproachful accents—"expose your life with such a puppy—
a life so useful, so precious! I cannot but think you more foolish than wise."

"I confess, Madame, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him in his right place, and save you forever from his importunities. He scratched me but I gave him a gentle sword thrust which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come. Was that not a service worth having, my charming lady?"

"Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation!"

"What! my friends thinking of me after this?—You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct!"

"It is true, very true, my dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a reparation."

Madame de Y— thought so likewise.—
"Well, my dear Baron," said she, proffering her hand, "since it was to be, it must be, so let it be—we are friends."

"And, my affiance," cried the enamored baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. "And the marriage day?"

"What?"

"Dear me, what a man! In a month hence, and the compact was sealed."

The Prophecy of Henry Clay.

Henry Clay is esteemed to be a patriot as well as a sage. The history of the latter period of his life proves he was both. This was evidence sufficient of patriotism. He devoted the causes of future trouble, and the consequences of sectional agitation. From the words which fell from his lips upon these subjects, and the solemn warnings he uttered, we learn that he was not only inspired with a holy devotion to our govern-
ment, but that he was endowed with a prophetic wisdom. Years ago he distinctly enumerated the causes of present events, and the nature of those events. He foretold the history not only of the present year, but, we fear, of future years. Said he:

"If these Abolitionists shall go on, and their association shall continue to increase, and their doctrines shall spread, and the measures be adopted until they become the sentiment and political action of a majority of the people of the North the fate of our government is sealed. The day that sees consummation will look only upon the broken fragments of our Union. And who will attempt to fathom the immeasurable abyss of a dissolution of this Union? Draw the line of new confederacies where you will—war—bitter and incessant war, will be the inevitable consequence. All history and human nature teach us this. *Decree not yourselves not think for a moment, that you can maintain and eternally avoid present or conditions.* As in the natural world the sweetest substances, when corrupted, often become the most acrid, so in the moral world, the kindly affections of the heart once poisoned or perverted—are turned to the most deadly hate. Who can contem-
plate such a war without the deepest emotion of horror.—St. Paul Journal.

THE FIRST STEAM BOAT.—The first steam-
boat on the Ohio River was the Independence, in 1814. It formerly had been a large barge, that made several voyages from Cincinnati to New Orleans consuming eight months in the downward and upward trip. A rudely constructed engine was put into it, and, thus furnished and fitted up, the steam-
er Independence plowed the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Arriving at New Orleans, Gen. Jackson, commander of the American forces, pressed it into service against the British, after the war, in 1815, she began her upward trip, and arrived, after a voyage of four months, at Rising Sun, where she stopped for wood. John James, proprietor of the town furnished her with fence-rails for fuel, and agreed to take his pay in a passage to Cincinnati. He embarked, but such was the slow speed of the steamer that when he got to North Bend he left the boat and walked to Cincinnati arriving some twelve hours before the steamer.

If some men's bodies were not stronger than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

Short Chapter for Young Ladies.

There are certain young ladies in the world who hold peculiar notions as to the attentions they receive from gentlemen.—They seem to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them—if he appears to take pleasure in their society, and visits them two nights successively, he is bound to propose marriage. Strange to say, some mammas labor under the same delusion. A short time ago a friend of ours visited a young lady three or four evenings in succession, and as he was leaving the house the last time, the mother called him quietly into the parlor, and asked him what his intentions were. Our friend promptly responded that he had no intentions whatever, and politely wished the lady good-night, left the house forever. We live in a fast age, and it would seem that courtship must be conducted with the same railroad speed as other things.—

Marriage is a serious matter requiring long and earnest consideration. Two young people may be every thing that may be wished for, they may be amiable, affectionate, in-
disposition, and yet, because their tastes do not assimilate, they will live a very unhappy life together. How are these young folks to find out each other's temper and disposi-
tion, if it is not by time spent in each other's company before marriage? There can be no doubt that the numerous unhappy marriages which are made in the present day, arise entirely from the fact that the courtship is too short. Marriage is not regarded with sufficient reverence; it is often hurriedly entered into and speedily repented. Truth compels us to state that this is caused in great measure by our young ladies. As we have just stated, they appear to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, he is in love, and is bound at once to declare his intentions. They forget that in seeking for a wife, a man ought to look for some-
thing more than bright eyes, a brilliant complexion and white shoulders. These are all very well in their way, but beauty is evanescent, and the day will come when other qualities are found necessary to bind a household together. There should be congeniality of mind, temper and disposi-
tion; there must be mutual respectance and mutual forbearance, all of which can not be discovered in the short courtships of the present day. A girl, too, should remember that patent leather boots, a well-fitting coat, and unexceptionable whiskers, are not the only things requisite for her future happiness.—Her lover may be a "perfect duck," but it is also necessary that he should have a little manhood about him, or four weeks of matrimony will dissipate her dreams, and she will be compelled to settle down to the con-
viction that she has married a dolt, whom she must despise. The attributes of man-
hood are not to be discovered in two or three interviews. It requires months to find out a person's character and disposition. Com-
plaint is often made by ladies that gentle-
men are not polite to them, and do not show that respect which is due to their sex. We are ungrateful enough to believe that the fair sex have only themselves to blame in the matter. If they would allow social in-
tercourse, without expecting anything more from their visitors; if they would put down politeness and agreeableness for what it is worth; if they would what read a pro-
posal to every compliment paid to them—
"An honest gentleman came that way,
And took her for his mate."

ARRESTED.—James Trabue, Esq., a well-
known merchant of Louisville, has been arrested in that city, by the military authori-
ties. He refused to take the oath of allegi-
ance, and was committed to prison.

COAL OIL is said to be a sure destroyer of
bed bugs. Apply plentifully with a small
brush or feather, to the places where they
most do congregate. The cure is effectual
and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers,
&c., rubbed slightly over with coal oil, will
not be disturbed by flies.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—The following method
of cleaning paint will be acceptable to
house holders in this season of house clean-
ing. Smear a piece of flannel with common
whiting, mixed to the consistency of com-
mon paste, in warm water. Rub the surface
to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off
with pure cold water. Grease spots in this
way will be almost instantly removed, and
the paint will retain its full beauty.

EARLY RISERS.—One of our contemporaries,
who doubtless loves to whisper soft things
by moonlight and doze dreamily late in the
morning disposes of the virtue of early rising
as follows:

"We have watched these fellows who are
early risers, and as a general thing they are
the first chaps who go to the groceries of a
morning. It is all moon-shine about the
smartest and greatest men being the earliest
risers. It may have been so in old times,
we won't dispute about that; but, now-a-
days, when you see a chap moving about
very early, you may be certain he is after a
drink!"

THE ILLINOIS NEWSPAPERS complain that
the immigration of negroes, sent adrift by
the military authorities in the neighboring
slave States, is rapidly filling the jails,
alms-houses and Penitentiaries of that State,
and calls for the enforcement of the laws of
Illinois against the settlement of negroes
within the precincts of the State. "The
journalists state that the evil is likely to in-
crease, as it is apparent that if the white
people of the slave States are compelled to
liberate their slaves they will not permit
them to reside among them."

Two